

COUNCILMEN TILT OVER VOTING AID FOR COPS IN SUIT

**Refuse to Back Office.
Stump in Tilt Over
"Riot."**

GANS AND HOOPER IN CLASS

Ordinance for Paving of Washington Avenue is to be Drafted. Petition Being Filled; Auditors Ask \$15 Day for Inspecting Water Books

Shall council assume a moral obligation and pay a judgment of \$18,000 entered in court against William Stoner, a former policeman who was arrested for killing his own dog?

J. J. Draper at the direction of the burghess and chief of police, when there is no legal claim against the citizen for its payment? Was the proposition put up to the members last night for the purpose of making Mr. Stoner's attorney to arrange for delay of action until Solicitor Higbee has a chance to pass on the question?

Attorney John Dugan put the matter before council. He said the dog was a female, about 10 years old, probably three months before he was discharged under the insolvent act unless he pays the judgment. That he is unable to do. Mr. Dugan declared.

Mr. Dugan showed that the dog was a female, about 10 years old, and was a valuable dog. He said that the value of how much the dog was worth, it having been established that when Stoner killed the dog he violated the law.

laid an old ordinance that requires a bond of \$100,000 for 48 hours before being released. Stoneberg, however, this, he declared, neither did the attorney general nor the city attorney, the chief of police nor the city's borough solicitor. In view of these facts he asked council to pay the judgment as a matter of litigation.

The report Superintendent of Accounts and Finance John L. Gans showed that the total expenditures for the first seven months to be \$350,444.26. Careful manipulation of expenses, he said, had been made to cut down the shortage from an estimated one of \$15,000 to about \$10,580, so that all that it will be necessary to borrow will be \$7,000 for the next six months. He said that the money would be set aside by appropriation, and Mr. Gans' management was heartily approved by his colleagues. He was authorized to negotiate three \$2,500 bonds, distributed among three local banks.

Specifications for the street paving as read by Engineer C. F. Hirst were approved and an ordinance authorizing the paving of Washington avenue from Isabella road to Arch street was passed. A petition signed by almost all the property owners was presented to the board for the widening of Callisto avenue and for Eleventh street. Sides were held over, not being drawn up in proper form. According to the engineer's plan, Ashman avenue is 5 feet wide to the first alley and 24 feet beyond. A plan to narrow the present paving on Ninth street at Mariott

A resolution was passed endorsing the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce efforts to have the Fourth District paved from 39 to 24 feet, to conform with the proposed paving, was adopted.

tion Reserve Bank moved from Cleveland to Pittsburgh.

A letter from the Municipal Home Rule League, organized recently to fight the repeal of the Public Safety Commission, was also supplied to the speakers. If the city would arrange for a public meeting and pay expenses, Gans and Duggan were given power to act in this matter, as well as in the matter of employment of accountants to check the books of the Cincinnati Water Company and the Cincinnati Sewer Company of New York offered to do this latter work for \$15 a day and hotel expenses, with \$50 for each fare.

At the invitation of C. E. Azewele, representing the Sundeaker Corporation, the council decided to let the Pittsburgh city engineer and architect confer

missioner, to see a street flusher in action. The trip will be made on July 17. The Studebaker people will supply a flusher for \$895 and a sprinkler attachment for \$25. A bid of \$87

The Courier was awarded the printing of giving notices for \$2 and John Mitchell the painting of interior work at the West Side fire house for \$23.50.

Whether council is going to continue support to its patrolmen in their prosecution of the men who attacked Officer Giesler on the night be-

fore July 4, or quietly drop the matter, as suggested by one man, was the subject of a spirited debate at last night's session. Mayor Marietta left the meeting at 9:30 o'clock, leaving

John Dugan, T. J. Hooper and John L. Gans to discuss the question. Consequently, when Mr. Gans introduced a resolution to include Patrolman Stump in the prosecution, the prosecuting attorney, Glicker, to hire a lawyer to assist him, neither of his colleagues would second it, and the presiding officer Mr. Gans declared lost. Mr. Hooper was the one who thought that nothing was to be gained by further prosecution of the case. The best thing to do was to drop the matter quietly, he said, and avoid an unfavorable publicity.

"We have no evidence to show

Continued on Page Two.

$$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{\partial L}{\partial \dot{x}} \right) = \frac{\partial L}{\partial x}$$

SOME ENCOURAGING STATISTICS

Cancer of the Breast.

Life of the Sun.
Adopting the well known hypothesis of Helmholtz, which attributes the production of the heat emitted by the sun to its contraction, an idea can be formed of the sun's duration. If one gives to the sun a coefficient of expansion intermediate between that of mercury and that of gas one arrives at the conclusion that it has taken 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 years for the sun to contract to its present radius; in particular, it would have taken 10,000 years to contract from infinity to a radius twice its present radius. Finally, the sun will live for 250,000 years, or contract from its present radius to half that radius, and even then its temperature at the surface will be 3,000 degrees Celsius. A. Auermann.

No other person in love acts so foolishly as the person in love with him self.

WEST SIDE



OLD LADY NUMBER 31 LOUISE FORSSLEND AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF SARAH," "THE SHIP OF DREAMS," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

The "Hardening" Process.
The life-saving station was very still. Nov. 3 and 4 had gone out on the eight-o'clock patrol. The seventh man was taking his twenty-four hours off at his home on the shore. The keeper was working over his report in the office. The other members of the crew were upstairs asleep, and Abe and Samuel were hearing each other's company in the messroom.

Abe lay asleep on the carpet-covered sofa which had been dragged out of the captain's room for him, so that the old man need not spend the night in the cold sleeping-loft above. He was fully dressed except for his boots; for he was determined to conform to the rules of the service, and sleep with his clothes on ready for instant duty.

"Talk about him and his!" growled Samuel to himself, lounging wearily in a chair beside the stove. "He's just starting his life. He's a regular boss. I didn't think he had it in him."

Samuel's tone was resentful. He was a little jealous of the distinction which had been made between him and Abe; and drawing closer to the fire, he shivered in growing distaste for the cot assigned to him with the crew upstairs, where the white frost lay on the window latch.

What uncomfortable chairs they had in this station! Samuel listened to the moaning of the breakers, to the wind rattling at the casements—and wondered if Blossy had missed him. About this time she must be sitting in her ornate-covered rocker, combing out the ringlets of her golden-white hair in the cherry twilight.

Now, that would be a sight worth seeing! Abe opened his mouth and began to snore. What disgusting, hideous creature man was, reflected Samuel. Six months' living with an unusually high-bred woman had insensibly raised his standards.

Why should he spend a week of his life-shortening life with such inferior beings, just for Abraham's sake—for Abraham's sake, and to bear out a theory of his own, which he had already concluded a mistake?

Abe gave a snort, opened his eyes, and muttered sleepily: "This is what I call a No. 1 spree. Now, tomorrow— But mumble mumble incoherently he relapsed into slumber, puffing his lips out into a whistling sound.

Samuel reached for a newspaper on the table, folded it into a missile, and started to fling it into the innocent face of the sleeper. But fortunately for Abraham it was Captain Darby's custom to count ten whenever seized by an exasperated impulse, and at the ninth number he regretfully dropped the paper.

Then he began to count in another way. Using the forefinger of his right hand as a marker, he counted under his breath. "One" on his left thumb, then after a frowning interval, "two" on his left forefinger, "three" on the middle digit, and so on, giving time for thought to each number, until he had exhausted the fingers of his left hand and was ready to start on the right.

Count, count, went on Samuel, until three five was passed, and he began to be confused.

Once more Abe awoke, and inquired if the other were trying to reckon the number of new wigwags and signals which the service had acquired since



Began to Tell Yarns of the Old Days on the Beach.

until he, Samuel, had felt his toes freezing in his boots.

Second-forefinger, left hand—on being welcomed by the entire force at Black Hill and asked how long they expected to stay, Abe had blurted out, "A hull week," explaining that Samuel's rule requiring at least seven days of exile from his wife every six months barred them from returning in less time.

The keeper was a widower, all the other men were bachelors. How could they be expected to understand! They burst into a guffaw of laughter, and Abe, not even conscious that he had betrayed a sacred confidence, sputtered and laughed with the rest.

Samuel had half a mind to return tomorrow, "just to spite 'em." Let's see, how many days of this plagued week were left? Six. Six whole twenty-four hours away from Blossy and his snug, warm, comfortable nest. She wasn't used to keepin' house by herself, neither. Would she remember to wind the clock on Thursday, and feed the canary, and water the abolition and begonias regular?

Unlucky Samuel took up offense No. 3. Abraham had further told the men that he had been brought over here for a hardening process, but he was willing to bet that if Samuel could keep up with him, he could keep up with Samuel.

Then followed offense on offense. Was Samuel to be outdoors on his own one-time field of action by an old ladies' darling? No!

When Abe sat for a half-hour in the lookout, up in the freezing, cold cupola, and did duty "just to be smart," Samuel sat there on top of his own feet, too.

When Abe helped drag out the apparatus over the heavy sands for the drill, Samuel helped, too. And how trying at that rope brought back his limbo!

When Abe rode in the breeches-buoy, Samuel insisted on playing the sole survivor of a shipwreck, too, and went climbing stiffly and lumberingly up the practice mast.

Abraham refused to take a nap after dinner, as did Samuel. Abe went down to the outdoor carpenter shop in the grove and planed a board just for the love of exertion. Samuel planed two boards and drove a nail.

"We've got two schoolboys with us," said the keeper and the crew. "If I'd a-knowed that yew had more lives in my Maltosa cat," Samuel was muttering over Abe by this time, "I'd—"

Count, count went Captain Darby's fingers. He heard the keeper rattling papers in the office just across the threshold, heard him say he was about to turn in, and guessed Samuel had better do likewise; but Samuel kept on counting.

Count, count, went the arraigning fingers. Gradually he grew drowsy, but still he went over and over poor Abe's offenses, counting on until of a sudden he realized that he was no longer numbering the sins of his companion; he was measuring in minutes the time he must spend away from Blossy and Twin Cove, and the begonias and the canary and the cat.

What would Blossy say if she could feel the temperature of the room in which he was supposed to sleep? What would Blossy say if she knew how his back ached? Whatever would Blossy do to Abe Rose if she could suspect how he had tuckered out her "old man?"

"He's a regular boss," brooded Samuel. "Oh, my feet!" grabbing at his right boot. "I'll bet yer all I got it's them air chilblains. That's what," he added, unconsciously speaking aloud.

Abe's lids slowly lifted. He rubbed his eyes and yawned. He turned his head on his hard, blue plugham-covered pillow, and stared sleepily at the other.

"Yew been noddin', Sam'l? Ain't gittin' sleepy a'round, are yer?" He glanced at the clock. "Why, it's only half-past nine. Say, what's the matter with me an' yew gold' wust ter meet

no, at Leticia breath o' fresh air'll make us sleep splendid."

He started up from the couch, but dropped back, too heavy with weariness to carry off his bravado. Samuel, however, not noticing the discrepancy between speech and action, was already at the door leading upstairs.

"Yew don't drag me out o' this station tonight, Abe Rose. Yew're a regular boss; that's what yew be. A regular boss! A regular—a regular—"

He flung open the door and went trudging as fast as his smattering feet could carry him up the steep and narrow steps, wherein the passing of other feet for many years had worn little hollows on either side.

Abraham limped from the couch to the door himself, and called after him: "Sam'l, don't yew want tew sleep by the fire? Yew seem a little softer than I be. Let me come upstairs."

There was no answer beyond the vicious slamming of Samuel's boots upon the floor above.

Abe raised his voice again, and now came in answer a roar of wrath from the cot next to Samuel's.

"Go to bed!" shouted No. 6, a burly, red-headed Irishman. "Go to bed wid yeh! The young folks do be aadin' a little schlaep!"

CHAPTER XVI.

"A Regular Boss."

Abraham himself back on his hard couch, drew the thick, gray blanket over him, and straightway fell into a deep, childlike slumber from which he was aroused by the rough but hearty inquiry:

"Say, Cap, like to have some oyster stew and a cup of coffee?"

Abe sat up, rubbing his eyes, wondering since when they had begun to serve oyster stew for breakfast on the beach; then he realized that he had had not overslept, and that it was not morning.

The clock was striking twelve, the midnight patrol was just going out, and the returning "runners" were bidding him partake of the food they had just prepared to cheer them after their cold tramp along the surf.

The old man whiffed the smell of the coffee, tempted, yet withheld by the thought of Ange's horror, and the horror of the twenty-nine sisters.

"Cap'n Abe," Clarence Havas, No. 5, with a big grin spread on his face and a blue gingham apron tied around his bronzed neck, put him on his mette, however—"Cap'n Abe, I tell yew, yew wouldn't have waked no other fellow of your age out of a sound sleep. Cap'n Darby, he could snooze till doomsday; but we knowed yew wouldn't want to miss no fun a-goin'."

"Cap'n Sam'l does show his years," Abe admitted. "Much obliged for yew a-wakin' me up, boys," as he drew on his boots. "I was dreamin' I was hungry. Lawd, I wish I had a dollar apiece for all the oyster stew I've at on this here table 'twixt sunset an' sunrise."

Under the stimulus of the unaccustomed repast Abe expanded and began to tell yarns of the old days on the beach—the good old days, his cheeks grew red, his eyes sparkled. He smoked and leaned back from the table, and ate and drank, smoked and ate again.

"A week amongst yew boys," he asserted gaily, "is a-goin' to be the makin' of me. How Sam'l kin waste so much time in sleep I can't understand."

"I don't think he is asleep," said No. 8. "When I was a-goin' jest now for my alippers, I heard him kind o' sniffin' inter his pillow."

The laugh which followed brought the keeper out of his office in his cap and alippers, a patchwork quilt over his shoulders. His quick eyes took in the scene—the lump spattering above the table, the empty dishes, the two members of the crew stoically jocular, with their blue flannel shirts spread over the board, the old man's rumped bed, and his brilliant cheeks and bright eyes.

"Boys, yew shouldn't have woke up Cap'n Rose," he said reprovingly. "I'm afraid, sir," turning to Abraham, "that yew find our manners pretty rough after your life among the old ladies."

Abe dropped his eyes in confusion. Was he never to be rid of those apron strings?

"There's worse things than good women," proceeded the captain. "I wish we had a few over here." He sighed with the quiet, dull manner of the men who have lived long on the beach.

"Shoo! they made the rule that the men must eat and sleep in the station it's been pretty lonely. That's why there's so many young fellows in the service nowadays; married men, with families won't take the job."

"Them empty cottages out thar," admitted Abe, pointing to the windows, "does look kind o' jonesome a-goin' ter rack an' ruin 'em. Why, the winter I was over here every man had his wife an' young 'uns on the beach, 'cept me an' Sam'l."

Again the keeper sighed, and drew his cowlid closer. "Now, it's just men, men, nothing but men. Not a petticoat in five miles; and I tell you, sometimes we get mad looking at one another, don't we, boys?"

"The two young men had sobered, and their faces also had taken on that look engendered by a life of dull routine among sand hills at the edge of a lonely sea, with seldom the sound of a woman's voice in their ears or the prattle of little children.

"For two months last winter nobody came near us," said Havas, "and we couldn't get off ourselves, either, half the time. The bay broke up into porridge-like after that big storm around New Year's; yew didn't risk a scud on it or a o'uthouse. Peels to me," he added, as he rose to his feet, "as if it was blowin' up a genuine old nor-easter again."

The other man helped him clear the

\$2.50 Vacuum Bottle — 98c. and \$1.13

"EFFICIENCY"



Efficiency is largely due to proper nourishment. Note the happy and contented look of the men in the above picture with their

SIMPLEX VACUUM BOTTLE

and its hot contents. They are enjoying a nourishing meal, instead of the days of old, when cold tea or coffee accompanied their meal.

This not only applies to the men in the shop, but the Engineer, Fireman, Brakeman, Station Agent, Section Hand, Conductor and Motorman, in fact, men of all positions in life, who are obliged to carry their lunch with them.

The Daily Courier has been selected as one of a Syndicate of Newspapers throughout the United States to place within easy reach of its readers a thoroughly practical and necessary article, **within the reach of every man.**

The wide scope of this plan, made it possible to induce a very large Manufacturer to construct a special **VACUUM BOTTLE** of well-known quality, and it is only the enormous quantities in which these Bottles are manufactured that makes it possible to offer them on such liberal terms. So the **DAILY COURIER** offers to its readers the opportunity to secure, for a short time only, one or more of these guaranteed Vacuum Bottles.

**KEEPS LIQUIDS { HOT 30 HOURS
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SIX COUPONS of consecutive dates and 98c or \$1.13 procures one of these Bottles.

COUPON WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 2.

table. "I'm goin' to get married in June," he said suddenly, "and give up this here blasted service."

"A wife," pronounced Abe, carrying his own dishes into the kitchen, "is dretful handy, puct yew git used to her."

The keeper went into the office with a somewhat hurried "Good-night," and soon Abe found himself alone again, the light in the kitchen beyond, no sound in the room save that of the booming of the surf, the rattling of the windows, and low and again the fall of a clinker in the stove.

The old man was surprised to find that he could not fall back into that blissful slumber again. Not sleeping, he had to think. He thought and thought—sober night thoughts—while the system "laid like a log in his stummick" and the coffee seemed to stir his brain to greater activity.

"Suppose," said the intoxicated brain, "another big storm should swoop down upon you and the bay should break up, and you and Samuel should be imprisoned on the beach for

two or three months with a handful of men-folks?"

"Moo! Moo!" roared the breakers on the shore. "Survive you right for flailing folk with the elements!"

Come to think of it, if he had not been so ungracious of Miss Abigail's concern for him, he would now be in possession of a hop pillow to lull him back to sleep. Well, he had made his bed, and he would have to lie on it, although it was a hard old carpet-covered lounge. Having no hop pillow, he would count sheep—

One sheep going over the fence, two sheep, three—How tired he was! How his bones ached! It's no use talking, yew can't make an old dog do the tricks of his puppy days. What an idiot he had been to chub that practice-mast! If he had fallen and broken his leg?

Four sheep. Maybe he was too old for gallivanting after all. Maybe he was too old for anything except just to be "mildlyedified" by thoughtful old ladies. Now, he honest with yourself, Abe. Did you enjoy yourself to-

day—no, yesterday? Did you? Well, yes and no! Now, if Ange had been along!

Ange! That was why he could not go to sleep! He had forgotten to kiss her good-by! Wonder if she had noticed it? Wonder if she had missed him more on account of that neglect? Pahaw! What nonsense! Ange knew he wasn't no hand at kissin', and it was apt to give him rheumatism to bend down so far as her sweet old mouth.

He turned to the wall at the side of the narrow lounge, to the emptiness where her pillow should be. "Good-night, mother," he muttered huskily. Mother did not answer for the first time in nights beyond the counting. Mother would not be there to answer for at least six nights to come. A week, thought this old man, as the other old man had reflected a few hours before, is a long time when one has passed his threescore years and ten, and with each day sees the shadow growing longer.

Abraham put out his hand time-

shrunk hand and touched in thought his wife's pillow, as if to persuade himself that she was really there in her place beside him. He remembered when first he had actually touched her pillow to convince himself that she was really there, too awed and too happy to believe that his youth's dream had come true, and he remembered now how his gentle, strong hand had crept along the linen until it cupped itself around her cheek; and he had felt the cheek grow hot with blushes in the darkness. She had not been "mother" then; she had been "dearest." Would she think that he was growing childish if he should call her "dearest" now?

(To Be Continued.)

The Point of View.

"You sang off the key!" exclaimed the musical director reproachfully. "Sir!" replied the young but haughty soprano. "What you mean to say is that your orchestra occasionally failed to harmonize with my voice."—Exchange.



Ran Over on His Fingers the List of High Crimes.

they had worked for the government; but on being sharply told to "Shut up!" went to sleep again.

What the projector of the trip was really trying to recall was how many times that day he had regretted snatching Abe from the devastating clutches of the old ladies.

"Him need hardenin'?" muttered Samuel blackly. "Why, he's harder now 'n nails an' hardtack!"

Again he ran over on his fingers the list of high crimes and misdemeanors which Abe had been guilty of. First-throw, left hand—Abe had stood on extending their scotter

Sports

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Yesterday's Results.

Chicago 4; New York 2.
*Boston 3, St. Louis 7.
All other games postponed—rain.
*12 innings.

Standing of the Clubs.

W.	L.	Pct.
New York	43	.589
Chicago	42	.578
St. Louis	40	.566
Philadelphia	35	.519
Cincinnati	37	.487
Brooklyn	33	.471
Pittsburgh	33	.465
Boston	43	.416

Today's Schedule.

Brooklyn at Pittsburgh.
New York at Chicago.
Philadelphia at Cincinnati.
Boston at St. Louis.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Yesterday's Results.

Washington 3, Detroit 0.
Chicago 2, New York 0.
New York 2, Chicago 0.
Boston 2, Cleveland 0.
St. Louis-Philadelphia—Rain.

Standing of the Clubs.

W.	L.	Pct.
Philadelphia	35	.581
Washington	31	.551
Detroit	31	.543
Chicago	32	.538
St. Louis	32	.522
Boston	42	.458
New York	39	.487
Cleveland	46	.338

Today's Schedule.

St. Louis at Philadelphia.
Detroit at Washington.
Chicago at New York.
Cleveland at Boston.

FEDERAL LEAGUE.

Yesterday's Results.

*Brooklyn 1, Pittsburgh 0.
Indianapolis 5, Kansas City 3.
Buffalo 10, Baltimore 6.
*Baltimore 6, Buffalo 2.
Chicago 6, St. Louis 0.
St. Louis 3, Chicago 1.

DAVIDSON EASY WINNER.

Defeated Centerville 20 to 5 in a One-Sided Contest.
The Davidson baseball team added another victory to its credit yesterday by defeating the Centerville team by a score of 20 to 5. The ball was hit hard by Davidson. Sandusky being the star. He got four hits, one of which was a home run and another a three-bagger.

Kishel, who batted for Davidson, had 11 strikeouts and Klinger for Centerville fanned 10. Davidson will play Centerville tomorrow. Points de Tour is on 18 South Saturday. The score by halves:
Davidson 8 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 20
Centerville 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 5

PLAY BALL!

West Side and Pinnacle teams in No. Davidson Contest.
A team picked from the West Side Juniors and Amateurs played the Pinnacle baseball all time last evening on the West Side grounds. The game was interesting all the way through and ended in a tie, the score being 5-5. An extra inning was played to break the tie when the score was 1-1 but on account of darkness the second tie could not be played off. Both for the Pinnacle and Centerville for the West Side were the pitchers.
The same lineup from the West Side will play off the tie in the visitors grounds today evening.

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR July 13.—The Methodist Protestant Church, being under repairs the services were held Sunday in the brick school house in Connellsville street.
Samuel Myers, of Allison spent Sunday at his home on 115 on Hill.

James Jacobs, of McKean, was the guest of his brother William of Hill street Sunday.

Max Whitaker of Hillwood was in town Sunday.

Mrs. W. L. Souther and daughter, Rachel, Miss Emma Polt and Miss Margaret Carr spent Sunday at Kilmory Park.

Communion services were observed Sunday in the Presbyterian Church by the pastor Reverend Wilson.

E. J. Hiers was calling on friends here Sunday evening.

Russell Dunbar returned from West Newton after spending a month's vacation with relatives.

Mrs. Jennie Smith returned home from Pittsburgh yesterday, accompanied by her daughter Miss Mary Lou who is a nurse in the Allegheny General Hospital.

Mrs. John Lockenby of West Newton was visiting friends here Monday.

S. H. Wells of Clarkburg spent Sunday here with friends and returned home Sunday evening accompanied by his wife and family.

Mrs. Holmes Patterson of Hazelwood is spending a few days with her mother Mrs. Elizabeth McDowell.

Rev. J. H. Metlin is visiting friends in Perryopolis.

Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson and Mrs. James Hawker is visiting relatives in Dawson.

Mrs. G. M. Hill visited relatives in Connellsville yesterday.

Mrs. William Moore of Vanderbilt was visiting her daughter Mrs. G. M. Hill on Sunday.

Colonial Theatre starting Wednesday night with a new line of pictures—Ady.

SMITHFIELD.

SMITHFIELD July 13.—John McDevitt and wife of Smithfield who visited 13 A. Fair and family, who Saturday returned to their home Sunday evening.

Miss Kate Runk of Uniontown visited here Sunday.



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Millions of smokers prefer the cigarettes they roll for themselves from ripe, mellow

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM

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TULIN IN BIG LEADER.



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OF THE AMERICAN PRESS, AGENT IN 1914

led her parents H. J. Rankin and wife over Sunday.

Harvey Dill and family, Jacob Loat and wife of Old Frame were guests of J. N. O'Neil and wife Sunday.

Mrs. J. R. Lynch and children who had visited relatives in this section since last Wednesday returned to their home at Fairbairns Sunday evening.

Ray Dills and Frank Manning of Anderson's Cross Roads were in town Saturday.

P. C. Noble recently elected supervising principal of the Springhill township schools, was a business visitor from Gans Saturday.

Mrs. Marie Dunn accompanied Mrs. R. H. Lynch to Fairbairns Sunday.

The old Frame and Smithfield ball team played a game 5-5 on the Smithfield diamond Saturday. A feature of the game was Jacob Morris' the Smithfield pitcher long drive to the middle field fence.

W. F. Tubbs and daughter Nellie were borough visitors from Ruble Saturday.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

SIXTEEN-DAY EXCURSIONS

JULY 23, AUGUST 6, 20, and SEPTEMBER 3.

\$10 or \$12 to Atlantic City, Cape May

\$12 or \$14 to Asbury Park, Long Branch

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Tickets at the lower fare good only on Coaches. Tickets at the higher fare good in Pullman or Sleeping Cars in connection with proper Pullman tickets.

Special Train of Pullman Cars and Coaches through to Atlantic City leaves Connellsville 8:55 A. M.

Tickets good for passage on Special Train or on trains leaving Pittsburgh at 1:55 P. M., 8:50 P. M. (Coaches only) and 9:50 P. M. (Sleeping Cars only), and their connections.

Stop-over at Philadelphia and Harrisburg returning. For leaving time of Special and regular trains, stop-overs, connections and full information consult nearest Ticket Agent, or E. Yankman, Division Passenger Agent, Room 212 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SOISSON THEATRE

THE HOUSE OF LILIES.

TOMORROW, WEDNESDAY, AFTERNOON AND NIGHT

THE FOUR-REEL THRILLER,

"FIGHTING DEATH"

THE TWO-REEL BISON DRAMA,

"THE OLD COBBLER"

A GOOD JOKER COMEDY,

"LOVE and ELECTRICITY"

SERIES NO. 120 OF THE

ANIMATED WEEKLY

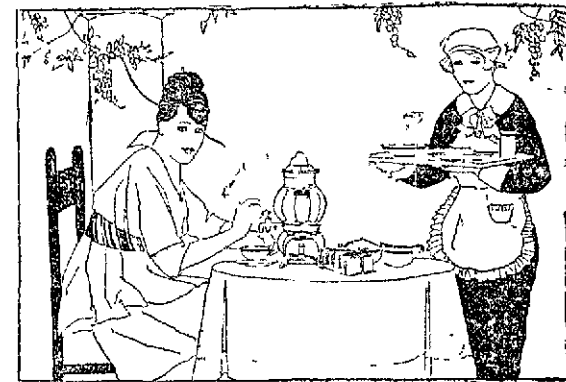
JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS
DONE AT THE COURIER OFFICE.

DRY GOODS STORE—LINEN SECTIONS.

Splendid Quality Linens

For table use, the guest-room
and about the house generally

July Clearance Prices



Wright-Metzler's is Connellsville's Best Linen Store

By reason of

1. Larger-than-elsewhere stocks complete at all times.

2. Variety of weaves, grades and patterns in each division. Kinds include plenty of inexpensive table-coverings, decorative and household linens superior in grade and design to about-town lines at equal prices, and very fine linens, distinctive and exclusive, and obtainable nowhere else in this vicinity.

3. Quality. The pure linens are sound, evenly woven and beautifully

finished. The part-linens are so marked—there's no humbug about our collections. These are preferred by some people who find them durable, lasting and best suited to certain uses.

4. Usual prices are generally lowest in town. Most of our linens are bought direct at the source of supply. They come to us in the original cases and pass through no hands that can claim a commission. Prices that appear to be the same as at other stores will be found to cover a better grade of linen here.

These prices are 20 per cent. to more than 30 per cent. lower than regularly

TABLE DAMASK.

—Pure linen Scotch damask 71 inches wide and regularly priced 1.25 yard.

Eleven floral patterns, all different, and some in combination with dots and stripes.

22 inch matching napkins, a dozen \$3.

The damask clearance priced yd \$1.

—German silver bleach damask, all pure linen. 70 inches wide, usually \$1. This is the BEST wearing dollar damask we've ever had.

Grape and floral designs.

July Clearance priced, a yard... 85c

—A 60 inch all linen cream damask in five patterns—floral leaf, bow knot and other effects is

July Clearance priced, a yard... 50c

—Pure Irish linen, full bleached and with a rich finish, 70 inches wide and in three floral designs—pansy, rose and morning glory—is

July Clearance priced, a yard... 75c

—A special grade Scotch damask, 71 inches wide, in floral and stripe, scroll-and-stripe, grape and oak leaf designs, regularly 1.50, is

July Clearance priced, a yard... 1.25

—This \$2 Scotch damask has 22 inch napkins matching the different patterns—flowers, some combined with stripes, 71 inches wide

July Clearance priced, a yard... 1.50

—2 35 specially priced Scotch damask, 71 inches wide, 25c inch napkins, 450 dozen. The cloth is in two patterns—shamrock and tulip—and stripe. July Clearance priced, a yard... \$2

ODD NAPKINS.

Full bleached, 20x20 inches and 22x22 inches.

Napkins regularly 2.50, now 1.96 Dz. Napkins regularly 3.00, now 2.25 Dz. Napkins regularly 3.25, now 2.44 Dz. Napkins regularly 3.50, now 2.63 Dz.

July Clearance priced, each... 50c

—Scarfs and squares regularly selling at 75c each.

Many styles in plain hemstitching, cut-work, drawn-work and other effects.

July Clearance priced, each... 50c

—150 Scarfs and squares of fine materials and beautiful workmanship. Drawn-work, Battenburg and cluny trimmed pieces, fresh and crisp.

July Clearance priced, each... \$1

DRESS LINENS.

—39c Ramie linen, 36 inches wide. All linen, of good weight and evenly loomed. Plain colors and black.

July Clearance priced, a yard... 29c

—\$1 ratine dress linen, 45 inches wide. Shades of blue, rose tint and brown.

July Clearance priced, a yard... 79c

The Towel Value of The Season

A huge pile of all linen huck towels, different sizes—all standard—and variously made, some with the ends hemmed, hemstitched or scalloped. Prices were 39c 35c and 25c, special Choice of the collection.

twenty-five cents each.

—20-inch all-linen fancy huck toweling, pansy and leaf.

July Clearance priced, a yard... 25c

—1800 yards 17-inch all-linen Scotch crash, 15c grade.

July Clearance priced, a yard... 11c

WRIGHT-METZLER CO.